

Correspondence

Academic Models

EDITOR: In regard to the item on "Eclat for Study," in a recent *On All Horizons* (7/16), I would like to comment that the practice of awarding varsity letters for academic excellence may be rare but it is not unique.

The Cathedral Preparatory School for Boys here in Erie, Pa., had such a custom twenty years ago. In fact the details of the event are so similar that I wonder whether the St. Louis high school is only imitating a good example.

(REV.) NORBERT G. WOLF

Cannon College
Erie, Pa.

Room for Scholars

EDITOR: I should like to inject a note of caution into the discussion concerning Catholic studies in non-church-related universities and independently-organized colleges. In your *State of the Question* on Catholic and non-Catholic campuses, Fr. John O'Brien optimistically writes (7/23, p. 480): "By having such Catholic centers secure charters under the laws of the State as educational institutions, plans can readily be worked out with the respective universities for the accreditation of courses in religion." If I understand correctly his use of the word "accreditation," I do not agree that such plans can readily be worked out, nor are they, in my opinion, desirable. Self-respecting university faculties do not function in this fashion. Rather, they count toward their degrees only study undertaken under their own guidance—study directed by teachers selected and appointed by the universities—or else study taken elsewhere which the degree-recommending faculties carefully evaluate by their own criteria.

In my opinion, the Church in the United States must develop a pool of American scholar-priests (and scholar-brothers and scholar-sisters) familiar and in sympathy with American higher education who can compete in the open university market for university positions, not in chemistry, physics, or engineering, nor even in sociology, psychology, or education, but in theology, philosophy, Biblical philology and Church history, and on the universities' own terms. . . .

If such a trained pool of scholar-priests were available—and scholar-ministers and scholar-rabbis—we should be in a solid position for the next step. I trust you will pardon my quoting myself for a definition

of this step. The Harvard University Press has just published the third, revised, edition of my little pamphlet entitled *Higher Education in the United States: A Summary View*. In this edition, but not in the first, of 1952, I dared insert the following:

On the other hand, in a country like the United States in which there is no state religion and in which the various religions live in more or less complete harmony with one another, few persons desire to interfere with the traditional separation between Church and State and give rise to sectarian strife. Above all, no responsible faculty member wants to admit dictation from without concerning the appointment of colleagues and the introduction of new courses and degree requirements. The problems concerned admit of no

easy solution. A good beginning would perhaps be made if the universities themselves took the initiative and introduced informational undergraduate courses of high quality concerning the major faiths—a course for each religion and not a catch-all course in comparative religion—and also top-level graduate courses on the theology of those faiths. These courses, both undergraduate and graduate, should be taught by outstanding representatives of the respective faiths who would be selected by the universities and, subject to appropriate ecclesiastical concurrence, incorporated into their teaching staffs. . . . The courses on religion that are open to undergraduates could be included within a group of courses one or more of which must be taken in fulfillment of the requirements for the bachelor's degree. By thus including religion under "general education" or other appropriate heading, the colleges would permit the courses to be counted toward a degree. . . .

FRANCIS M. ROGERS

Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Joseph B. Schuyler, S.J.'s NORTHERN PARISH A Sociological and Pastoral Study

As a living social system the parish can be studied sociologically as well as any other social system. The sociologist is professionally interested in analyzing the Catholic parish because it is an important part of the total social structure in our world. The Catholic priest and apostolic layman is interested because on the parish's vitality depends the vigor of the whole of Christ's Church. *NORTHERN PARISH* uses the concepts and techniques of the sociologist to explore the structure and functioning of a thriving parish in the heart of New York City. *NORTHERN PARISH*, \$8, has xxi & 360 pages, detailed questionnaires, censuses, and analyses of use to the social scientist and religious leader.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Chicago 13, Illinois

Current Comment

All Nixon at Chicago

Within 24 hours after arriving in Chicago, Vice President Nixon squelched a conservative revolt in the platform committee and consolidated his control of the Republican party.

The conservatives had their hour the first evening, and it was a glorious, if nostalgic, one. Former President Herbert Hoover, vigorous despite the weight of 85 years, received a roaring reception. So did Sen. Barry Goldwater, the late Senator Taft's heir apparent. But in cheering the Old Guard the delegates seemed to be speaking mostly from their hearts. They spoke from their heads 48 hours later when they ratified the Rockefeller-inspired liberalization of their party platform. Whatever their emotions prompted, their reason told them that the centennial of Lincoln's nomination was no time to be dragging their feet on civil rights. It was no time either, with a Southerner of Lyndon Johnson's stature on the Democratic ticket, to be gambling with New York's 45 electoral votes. The chances of splitting the Solid South seemed a lot slimmer after Los Angeles than before.

Such were the harsh facts of life which strengthened Governor Rockefeller's hand and dictated the Vice President's celebrated trip to New York. It was a tribute to Mr. Nixon's political sagacity that he was able to satisfy the New York Governor's platform demands without at the same time offending President Eisenhower. True, Senator Goldwater and his supporters were bitter over the "sell out" to liberalism, but then the dwindling Old Guard has no place else to go anyway.

Mr. Nixon heads a strong ticket and stands on an appealing platform. This election may, indeed, be the closest in years.

The RB-47 at the UN

Unabashed by her May 26 failure to extort a Security Council condemnation of the U-2 flight, the Soviet Union appeared before that august body once

again on July 22, demanding condemnation of the United States in the even more controversial case of the RB-47. The Security Council rebuffed the USSR once more on July 26, and this time there were no abstentions: Russia's propaganda barrage got no supporting fire except from puppet Poland.

Russia's latest attempt to dragoon the United Nations into a campaign of vilification against the United States was marked by two new lows in hypocrisy:

1. Delegate Kuznetsov abused the veto power by rejecting a proposal that the Red Cross be allowed to comfort the survivors of the RB-47. This humane Italian gesture was vetoed because it was incompatible with the "sovereign rights" of the USSR.

2. Kuznetsov registered another veto in order to prevent the RB-47 case from being transferred to an impartial fact-finding commission or the International Court of Justice. Such a move would only becloud a "clear issue" and befuddle "world opinion."

The entire Soviet approach to the RB-47 case reveals a patent attempt to prostitute the Security Council to the current aims of Cold War propaganda; apparently, a main function of the Security Council is to rubber-stamp the Soviet concept of justice—that abhorrent jungle where the USSR not only plays the role of judge and jury, but of unimpeachable witness to truth.

Protest in Cuba

In holiday mood Cubans by the thousands converged on the Sierra Maestra of Oriente Province to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the 26th of July Movement. The festivities, however, gave Cuba's Catholics little to cheer about. To permit the three-day holiday, which marked Fidel Castro's revolt against the Batista regime, the Government had decreed Sunday, July 24, a work day. Left-wing Labor Minister, Augusto Martinez Sanchez, thus added fuel to the growing dispute between Castro's Cuba and the Church.

Tension between Dr. Castro and

Cuba's Catholics has been rising for some time. A climax of sorts was reached when Dr. Castro openly attacked the clergy as an aftermath of the July 17 clash between Communists and Catholics outside Havana's Cathedral. Twelve youths who allegedly took part in another anti-Communist demonstration before Jesus de Miramar Church now await trial for "counter-revolutionary activity." So too does Dr. Gaston Fernandez, professor of economics at Villanueva University. "Anti-communism," to quote the Government's own words, has become "counter-revolutionary" in Cuba.

Meanwhile, the country draws closer economically to the Communist bloc. Following the Soviet lead of last February, Red China has now signed a trade agreement with Havana. For the next five years Communist China will purchase 500,000 tons of Cuban sugar annually, 20 per cent of the payment to be made in dollars, the balance in Chinese products. The pity is that, as the Communist economic stranglehold tightens, only those who have had the courage to protest seem to realize it.

Can Democracy Tyrannize?

Although the Algerian question remains preoccupation number one for most Frenchmen, a key group of Catholics turned their attention momentarily, at the end of July, to what is happening to the common man at home. At Grenoble, a university city impressively dominated on three sides by the French Alps, the 47th Semaine Sociale met to discuss "Socialization and the Human Person" against the background of the growing bureaucracy of the state.

This concern for the human person in the modern state is not a new thing. In 1937, when nazism and fascism were riding high, the Semaine Sociale of Clermont-Ferrand issued a cry of warning. Today, the threat is not so much totalitarian ideologies as the tendency of the democratic state itself—perhaps more evident in highly-centralized France than elsewhere—to serve, not the common good, but only the appeasement of its bureaucratic appetite. "When lies and fraud become the standard recourse against administrative tyranny," said Joseph Folliet, secretary general of the Semaines Sociales, to a visiting AMERICA editor, "then some-

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thing is wrong and the human person is truly menaced."

The remedy is to strengthen the voluntary institutions, such as the trade unions and professional organizations, as well as the family. In a letter to the *Semainers* at Grenoble, Cardinal Tardini, papal Secretary of State, referred to these as "intermediary bodies." The solution is old and familiar; the precise form of the challenge is fresh. At Grenoble, large participation by young people suggests that the new generation is aware of the problem and eager to find the answer in the light of Catholic social teaching.

Task Ahead in the Congo

The first phase of the United Nations' task in the Congo is drawing to a successful close. Step by step, the 10,000-man force from six African countries and Sweden and Ireland, so efficiently waved into being by UN Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld, has restored basic order in the main trouble spots. At the request of Katanga Premier Moïse Tshombe, Belgian troops continue to police that province.

If Patrice Lumumba's central Government survives the summer, it will be thanks to the presence of the UN and not to his own ability, influence or support. The shaky coalition of a dozen parties (Lumumba's own party holds only 35 seats in the 137-member Assembly) is a sullen alliance of tribal groups and political factions itching to get at one another's throats.

The Prime Minister has twice been rebuffed by the Senate. By a unanimous vote it repudiated his clumsy threats to call in the Russians "to liberate" the Congo. It scolded him for assuming a parliamentary prerogative in declaring that the Republic had broken off diplomatic relations with Belgium.

The Government had to watch helplessly when the rich Katanga Province seceded. In the original scheme of things, this treasure chest was to have supported the rest of the Congo for years to come.

Clearly, Katanga is not going to return to the Republic of its own free will unless a looser type of federation is agreed upon, in which each of the six provinces would have a much larger autonomy.

With order restored, the United Na-

tions now must face the formidable problems of rebuilding the Congo's dying economy and warding off famine and pestilence. The big job lies ahead.

... Rhodesian Echoes

"Congolitis" has jumped the Congo's borders. In Southern and Northern Rhodesia strikes and demonstrations broke out the last days of July in protest against the arrest of native leaders and the ban on African political activity. Federal troops were called out to put down looting, arson and riots in Salisbury and Bulawayo. A dozen dead and scores of wounded were reported in Bulawayo.

Under these ominous clouds a constitutional conference opened July 25 in London to discuss the political future of the Nyasaland Protectorate. (Nyasaland is the third member of the Rhodesian Federation.)

The new show of toughness on the part of white leadership in the Federation indicates that the wrong conclusion has been drawn from the Congolese debacle.

The Congo doesn't prove the inability of the African to govern. As the judicious *Central African Examiner* says:

What it does prove is that Africans, no more than Europeans or Eskimos, cannot be expected suddenly to practice techniques which they have hitherto been forcibly prevented from learning.

White leadership in the troubled territories surrounding the Congo should launch a crash program to prepare Africans for the self-rule that is coming inevitably and soon, regardless of the white settler.

Hoffa in the Clear?

After the decision of the U. S. Court of Appeals in Washington on July 21, James R. Hoffa stood a big step closer to uncontested rule of the Teamster Brotherhood. A formidable obstacle had been removed a week earlier when Martin F. O'Donoghue, chairman of the court-appointed Board of Monitors, submitted his resignation to Judge F. Dickinson Letts. The question now becomes, how much longer can Judge Letts postpone the new election which Hoffa badly wants and which he is certain to win handily.

The issue before the Court of Appeals was the legality of a move by a majority of the monitors to remove Hoffa from the presidency on the grounds that he had misused Teamster funds in a Florida real-estate deal. The court decided in substance that under the terms of the consent decree issued in January, 1958 Judge Letts had no authority to remove Hoffa from office. It added, furthermore, that since unions are guaranteed the right—under the Taft-Hartley Act—to choose their officers, only the members of the Teamsters can oust Hoffa. The court agreed with Hoffa's lawyers that the important thing now was to work for an early convention and election.

Mr. O'Donoghue had argued that only through the removal of Hoffa could an honest election be held. On resigning he noted that although some improvements have been effected, the Teamsters are still not free of corruption. Perhaps Judge Letts should prevail upon Mr. O'Donoghue to continue the tedious, exasperating task of forcing Hoffa to live up to the terms of the consent decree. To turn the Teamsters over to Jimmy Hoffa one minute before it becomes legally necessary to dissolve the consent decree would be a shame.

Chrysler's Embarrassment

Some answers turn aside wrath—and some only beget more questions. Of the latter species was the reply given by the Chrysler Corporation to all the queries about the sudden resignation on June 30 of William C. Newberg as president of the company. Mr. Newberg had been elected chief operating officer of the big automobile manufacturer only nine weeks before.

According to the company statement issued on July 21, Mr. Newberg's resignation was forced. As a result of a probe instituted by the company, it was learned that Mr. Newberg had "interests" in concerns which supplied Chrysler, and that these interests had profited him to the extent of more than \$450,000. When a difference of opinion arose between the directors and Mr. Newberg over his interests, Mr. Newberg was obliged to resign. In resigning he agreed to turn over to Chrysler the profits he made from the vendor companies.

That terse answer understandably

raised a flurry of new questions. What was the nature of Mr. Newberg's "interests" in the vendor companies? Was it a stock interest? If so, did Mr. Newberg pay for the stock or receive it as a gift? Did his interests influence contract awards? Were kickbacks or payola involved? If there was "nothing im-

proper" in his conduct, as Mr. Newberg claims, why did the directors insist that he hand over his profits to the company? To what extent did Mr. Newberg's lucrative arrangements with supplier companies lead to unnecessary contracting out and a loss of jobs at Chrysler? (The number of the com-

pany's hourly rated workers dropped from 135,159 in January, 1956, to 67,425 today.) Could Chrysler have saved money by producing the parts itself? And so on, and so on, and so on.

It looks like Chrysler's next annual stockholders' meeting will be the best attended ever.

Stable Government for Ceylon?

HEADLINES ON July 21 reported that the lovely island-nation of Ceylon, off the southeast coast of India, had just appointed the first lady Prime Minister in modern times. But the real news about Ceylon's election results is that Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, widow of the Prime Minister assassinated last September, stands a somewhat better chance of forming a stable government than any leader in the past four years.

Election returns were surprising because the four-month campaign seemed headed for either another weak, short-lived Tory Government or a dangerous coalition of Marxists, right extremists and Mrs. Bandaranaike's Freedom party. Fortunately her victory was big enough to permit a one-party Government which can get along, for a time at least, without the Marxists.

Ceylon's immediate future rests squarely upon Mrs. Bandaranaike, and it is far from evident that she can marshal skills comparable with her husband's acumen and political adroitness. However, there is every reason to believe that she shares his practical moderation, and it is unquestionable that she enjoys immense prestige as the devoted widow of a great leader. Since she depends only upon her own Freedom party for support, her political position is stronger than her husband's coalition Government of 1956.

Although the prospect is brighter than pre-election guesses suggested, maintaining stable government will not be easy, as a quick review of the situation will show.

The 9.4-million population of Ceylon comprises two large ethnic groups, Sinhalese and Tamils, with a scattering of small minorities. The three groups are distributed roughly in proportions of 7, 2, 1. Most of the Sinhalese are Buddhists; most of the Tamils, Hindus. During political campaigns, candidates exploit communal differences with irresponsible charges and promises in order to win votes. After the election it is difficult to dissuade constituents and their more extreme representatives from rushing to carry out every promise, however dangerous or foolhardy it may be.

Moreover, the Freedom party is not politically unified. It ranges from splendidly qualified men like the late Mr. Bandaranaike to village school-

masters and petty Government officials. What pleases one group will disappoint another, and the new Prime Minister will have to hold all her votes in a disciplined organization to maintain Governmental policies.

Of the 151 seats in the lower house, Mrs. Bandaranaike's party won 75, one less than a majority. But the Parliament has an additional six appointive members who generally vote with the Government. Hence it can count on a slight basic majority of 81 out of 157 votes, but a bolt of only three members would spell trouble—trouble, but not collapse, because the Government has the pledged support of 20 Marxist votes. The Government is being organized without Marxists, but it can call on them in need—at the price of a swing to the left.

If right extremists get out of hand, repressive measures against Tamils would be likely. Moreover, the Christian community (about nine per cent of the population; 600,000, some 85 per cent, are Catholic) could also suffer, and some measures would harm the whole country. One proposal during the campaign advocated nationalizing all so-called assisted schools. These are private schools, generally supported by religious groups—Buddhist, Protestant, or Catholic—which receive Government support, chiefly for teachers' salaries. Most religious schools would resist nationalization by renouncing assistance.

The surge of nationalism that followed Ceylon's independence in 1948 stirred up Buddhist opposition to both Hinduism and Christianity. This feeling was aggravated in late 1955 by an inflammatory book, *Revolt in the Temple*, and the following year by a Buddhist Commission report, *The Betrayal of Buddhism*. In addition to the frequently proposed nationalization of assisted schools, a decree has already been issued removing Catholic nursing nuns from all state-supported hospitals, but its effect has been suspended for five years. Repressive measures against Hindus, Muslims, Protestants and Catholics might be the price the new Government would have to pay for votes to stay in power. Friends of Ceylon can only hope that this tragedy can be avoided.

FRANCIS J. CORLEY

Washington Front

The Coming Presidential Campaign

CHICAGO—Now comes the battle for the championship. Jack and Dick, as their admirers call them, have shown that they are true pros, the one at Los Angeles and the other here in Chicago. A memorable scrap lies ahead.

From the standpoint of the student of American political history, this 1960 Presidential election is a fascinating one. No matter how it turns out, the winner will be the first President born in the 20th century, first of the Space Age and first elected by 50 States.

But that isn't all. If Sen. John F. Kennedy, the Democratic standard-bearer, should win on Nov. 8, he would be the youngest man and the first Roman Catholic ever elected to the Presidency.

If Richard M. Nixon should be the winner, he would be the first man in 124 years to go directly from the Vice Presidency to the Presidency in an election. The last was Martin Van Buren, protégé of Andrew Jackson, who made it in 1836. Of course, seven Vice Presidents have landed in the White House as a result of the death of a President—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, Arthur, Theodore Roosevelt, Coolidge and Truman.

An additional interesting aspect of the 1960 election may be mentioned. The next President will be a man

deeply interested in politics—that is, the art of government—and will succeed one, a professional soldier for 40 years, who boasted in the 1952 campaign that he was “a novice, a neophyte in politics.”

The two nominees this year are the coolest strategists and tacticians the United States has seen in a long time. Both move quickly and audaciously. Kennedy's brilliant coup at Los Angeles in persuading Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas to take the Vice-Presidential nomination was followed by Nixon's ten-strike in making an ally (but not a running mate) of Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York.

Anguished cries arose in both cases. In Los Angeles it was the Democratic liberals who cried “sellout,” and in Chicago it was Republican conservatives and Southerners who sent up the same cry.

The political railbirds thought both Kennedy and Nixon were justified in their moves. Kennedy may have saved Texas and a good part of the South for the Democratic ticket; Nixon was at least improving his chances to capture New York's 45 electoral votes, a bloc which could mean the difference between victory and defeat on Nov. 8.

Who will win? The younger political reporters, it was noted at Los Angeles and here in Chicago, thought the odds ought to be on Kennedy, and public-opinion polls seemed to bear them out. The older journalists, those who covered the Herbert Hoover-Al Smith campaign of 1928, preferred to wait and see.

EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

On All Horizons

FORTY WORKSHOPS. The Midwest Convention of the Christian Family Movement will be held in Chicago Aug. 26-28. For details write to David O'Shea, 720 North Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

PATRONAGE OF ST. DISMAS. Approximately four hundred Catholic chaplains work full or part time at Federal, State, county or municipal institutions for correctional, rehabilitative or penal service. Their association will meet in Denver, Colo., Aug. 28-Sept. 2. Program chairman is Rev. Joseph M. O'Malley, Federal Correctional Institution, Englewood, Colo.

THIRTY CONVERTS. Four girls from Chestnut Hill College (Philadelphia 18, Pa.) visited four thousand families in Fr. Anthony Kovacic's two North Carolina parishes (in Scotland Neck and Tarboro), an area 99-per-

cent non-Catholic. The girls gave out pamphlets and a card to mail to the Catholic Information Center in New York City, which had agreed to send information by mail. Fr. Kovacic writes that the young ladies were instrumental in gaining 30 converts.

ECUMENICAL INFORMATION. In a ten-cent pamphlet, James J. McQuade, S.J., gives an excellent treatment of “What You Should Know About the Ecumenical Council” (The Queen's Work, 3115 South Grand Boulevard, St. Louis 18, Mo.).

AN AMERICAN FIRST. Those who wish to attend the first convention of the new National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice that will be held in St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 25-28, must register in advance with Robert Voss, Catholic Interracial Council, 5017 Northland, St. Louis 13, Mo.

ECUMENICAL INVITATION. The chairman of the North American Liturgical Week, to be held in Pittsburgh Aug. 22-25, has invited “interested Protestants and Eastern Rite Christians” to attend. For details address 1960 Liturgical Week, 111 Boulevard of the Allies, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

THEOLOGY ON TV. Frank Sheed, publisher and theologian, will make his first TV appearance as a theology lecturer on NBC's “Catholic Hour.” Talks on the Trinity, Christ and the Church are scheduled for the four Sundays of August under sponsorship of the National Council of Catholic Men.

COMING SEPT. 1. “Ox-Driver's Song,” “Mista Rabbit” and “Along Buck Creek” are some of the delightful Appalachian ballads on an LP-2000 record (33 1/3 RPM) that the Glenmary Home Missioners, priests and brothers, have made from the musical score of their movie *Glenmary Story*. For details address Fr. Patrick O'Donnell, Glendale, Ohio. W.M.A.

Editorials

Aftershocks of the Paris Earthquake

AMONG THE ancient Greeks, the god Poseidon was called the "earth-shaker." Evidently, Premier Khrushchev relishes his role as a modern Poseidon: in mid-May he triggered off a lusty temblor that transformed the international scene no less drastically than a series of seisms altered the landscape of Chile a few days later. Moreover, the Soviet earth-shaker has made sure that the Paris quake was followed by a set of aftershocks just violent enough to keep the whole globe quivering with apprehension.

Let us survey what the Kremlin's paragon of truculence has been up to, despite his avowal that the post-summer period would be marked by a continued pursuit of "relaxed tensions."

Premier Khrushchev has unilaterally scuttled the Geneva disarmament conference. He has wantonly rattled his rockets over neutral Austria, manhandled Allied personnel in East Germany and threatened to decide in September whether he will resolve the Berlin issue by a separate peace treaty. Reaching out far beyond the Russian heartland, Khrushchev has tried to influence our U.S. elections, throw a phony protective mantle over the Congo's independence and repeal the Monroe Doctrine by missile diplomacy, if "the aggressive forces in the Pentagon dare to start intervention in Cuba." Finally, in a cynical replay of the U-2 incident, he has charged Britain and Norway with being "accomplices" in the flight of the RB-47, while striving to inveigle the Security Council into condemnation of U.S. "provocations" and approval of air-borne piracy over international waters.

The list above is long enough to show how, in the devious semantics of Kremlinese, peaceful coexistence may be equated to a propaganda campaign of unremitting hostility to the West.

Some weeks ago, in a plaintive letter to Khrushchev, Prime Minister Macmillan professed to be mystified and concerned over the "new trend" in Soviet foreign policy. Secretary Herter, questioned about the motives behind the latest Soviet moves, replied: "We can only speculate."

Speculation on Soviet zigs and zags must begin with the observation that Russian strategy aims undeviatingly at world conquest, but Russian tactics are as variable as the shifting opportunities of the moment.

One obvious tactic of the moment is to denigrate the prestige of the United States by a massive "smear" technique. The tee-off opportunity was provided by the U-2 case. The follow-up has been to label us an "aggressor" nation on every available pretext. The hoped-for result is isolation of the United States, distrust of our leadership, deterioration of the Nato alliance and neutralization of our bases around the Soviet heartland.

It is also plain that the Soviet Union is making a desperate bid to project an image of itself as an awesome power dedicated to peace. The ever more frequent rocket-brandishing is calculated to intimidate potential enemies; the protestations of peace are meant to beguile the uncommitted nations; the combination of limitless strength and pacific intentions is supposed to convince the world that communism is the "wave of the future."

The ruthless intensity of the current moves is simply the Soviet way of making hay while the sun shines. What better time to exploit Western weaknesses than when America is paralyzed by campaign oratory?

Our Government is hardening against the Soviet bluster. We must make clear our firmness in the right, lest Nikita Khrushchev be encouraged to push bluffmanship to the point of no return.

What's at Stake in Florida?

AT THE end of August, national attention will return to Florida, where a suit to end all religious practices in the Greater Miami public schools is scheduled to resume. The trial in the Dade County Circuit Court was interrupted after four turbulent days of hearings by a death in the family of Presiding Judge J. Fritz Gordon. The case has a double significance.

For the first time a whole complex of policies and practices relating to religion and public education is under a single court challenge. Then, many public school administrators admire the Florida program of moral and spiritual values and have borrowed from it.

Companion actions have been brought by five taxpayers—three Jewish parents and one Unitarian parent

with the support of the powerful American Jewish Congress, one agnostic parent backed by the Florida affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union. The plaintiffs seek an injunction against the following practices, which they claim violate the religious liberty clauses in the Florida and U.S. Constitutions:

1. Bible reading in assemblies and classrooms, use of school facilities for Bible instruction after school hours, distribution of Bibles and religious literature in the school.
2. Prayers and grace before meals.
3. Singing religious hymns.
4. Observance of religious holidays, including Easter, Christmas and Hanukkah programs.

5. Religious displays and symbols in the school.
6. Questions on religious affiliation of pupils.
7. Baccalaureate programs.
8. The religious "test" in the application for school employment, "Do you believe in God?"

Though the school board contends that no student is required to take part in any activity to which he or his family object, the complainants argue that their children are under indirect or psychological pressure to conform to what the group does.

No thornier question pricks the conscience of American society so perennially as this one of religion in public education. The problem is, of course, rooted in the inherent contradiction that one common school can somehow adequately cope with the ethical side of education in a religiously pluralistic society. For this reason, even the most diluted kind of program must be held together by compromises.

We are not prepared to pass on the merits of each section of the Florida program now under fire. Indiscreet zeal or lack of tact on the part of certain public school administrators and teachers may well have created serious problems of conscience for some children from non-Christian or nonbelieving homes. This is regrettable. Every reasonable precaution should be taken to avoid offending religious susceptibilities.

On the other hand, uncritical allegiance to the principle that religious freedom in a religiously divided

community somehow requires the elimination of every religious practice or symbol from the public school not acceptable to everyone in the community puts in jeopardy the equally precious rights of other children. This libertarian attitude has made it impossible to relate character education to any kind of traditional theistic religion—and raises several good questions.

In emotion-laden issues like the present ones, are the courts always the first place and the best place to seek redress? Cannot modifications be worked out on the local level in a spirit of community give-and-take? What positive alternatives have the American Jewish Congress and the ACLU in mind to present if they succeed in demolishing the present program? Or are we all expected to adopt their thesis that the government school must be every bit as secular as the police or sanitation departments?

Parents have every right to resent and to oppose the relentless efforts of any group seeking to eliminate every trace of God, Christianity and religion from our public schools. Usually, it is the same people that lead the fight against programs of released time and dismissed time for religious instruction, oppose references to God and belief in God in policy statements on moral and spiritual values, and make it next to impossible for the public schools to cooperate with the churches or church groups in the community.

We cannot wish them success.

Literature by Punch-Card?

DO YOU REMEMBER when the age of the computing machine began to make the headlines? Sunday supplement "science" writers had a field day telling us that the age of the "thinking" machine had arrived. Mechanical brains would not only solve in the twinkling of an electronic eye the most intricate mathematical problems, but would compose soaring symphonies, write superb poetry and great novels. About the only function not claimed for these mechanical intellects was the ability to produce other little mechanical intellects. One had to keep in mind, at the time, Chesterton's remark to the effect that while it is certainly true that men and apes are similar, it is only man who has recorded the similarity.

Sanity did prevail after the initial enthusiasm over the abilities of the machine to make the mind of man little more than a vestigial appendage, and to date the human reason has not been dethroned. Yet the marvels of mechanical brains are unfolding in fields unconceived a few short decades ago. Since the end of World War II, for instance, scientists in several countries have been developing electronic translators. Progress has been astonishing, and the latest news (summarized in an article in the *Saturday Review* for July 16) is that IBM technicians, working with the U. S. Air Force, have in operation a translator that handles 1,800 words a minute. The operation is most serviceable for scientific and other informational data.

The author of the article, Robert J. Clements, director

of the Department of Comparative Literature in the Graduate School at New York University, was not content with this achievement of the translator-machines. He wanted to know what could be done with literature, and so the mechanical brains were fed swatches of *War and Peace*, selections of Pasternak's poetry and other samples. What emerged (examples are provided in the article) was, compared with the work of a human translator, a creditable facsimile of literature. But it is not literature. Nuances, shades of emphasis, depths of emotion, grace of language and many other elements that go to make up what has always been considered literature—all are missing. It is claimed that the literary quality of such translations can and will improve appreciably, and this is probably not beyond the reach of human ingenuity.

But we do hope that educators will not be hurried into hailing machine translations as an open sesame to the teaching of literature. In what we are told is an age of conformity, a discriminating taste for words and language is certainly one of the remaining strongholds of a proper and noble individualism. It is also a bond of human charity, binding author, human translator and reader together in a concert of rational and spiritual activity. I may fall in love with David and his psalms because I have heard the strains through the sensitive version of a kindred spirit; it is doubtful that I would ever have more than a passing interest in the sweet singer of Israel through the mediation of a punch-card.

Four Centuries of the "Kirk"

Joseph Christie, S.J.

THE CONVENTIONALLY accepted date for the quadricentennial of the Scottish Reformation is 1960, and in October of this year a special meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland (known in the native idiom as the "Kirk") will play host to thousands of Presbyterians from all over the world. Although Scotland is a small country and the "Kirk" correspondingly small, John Knox, father of the Scottish Reformation and founder of the Scottish Church, occupies a patristic place in the Presbyterian mind. In fact 1960 represents the 400th anniversary of the first meeting of the General Assembly rather than the completion of the Reformation, which was achieved some years later.

As is to be expected, some commemorative works are being issued designed to revive interest in the Kirk that Knox built. There is no room for complacency among contemporary Scottish Presbyterians about the state of their Kirk, and while it might be unnecessarily pessimistic to utter a stern Calvinistic "Ichabod," nevertheless it seems clear that the future cannot be expected to repeat the glories of the past.

STEADY CATHOLIC RISE

Dislike of Rome has always been characteristic of the ethos of the Scottish Kirk, and the shadow of an ever growing Roman Catholic community (largely of Irish extraction) broods over the approaching celebration. The Irish Catholics who came to Scotland during the 19th century in search of work have grown, notably in large urban areas like Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dundee, to a proportion of 800,000 in a country whose population is a little over five million. Their steady rise in number is due to the sensible fertility of the Gael, while their speedy progress towards prosperity can be accounted for, apart from their native gifts, by the sense of justice of the Presbyterian majority. Since 1918 the educational needs of Catholics have been paid for entirely by the state.

The division in Scotland between Catholic and Presbyterian has always been more marked than that in England between more varied forms of Protestantism and Catholicism. No equivalent of the Oxford Movement ever developed in Scotland, a deficiency which partly explains the much slower rate of conversion. To the average Scot, Catholic and Irish are synonymous

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terms, a misunderstanding which has given to the Kirk a disproportionate place in Scotland's estimate of her own history. Scottish independence of England derived from the leadership of Catholics and died at the Reformation. From then on Scotland had to find solace for her strong nationalism more in the wearisome reiteration of it than in the actual and more comforting condition of independence. It was in the Kirk and the legal profession that national spirit survived longest, but native culture could neither maintain itself nor develop in face of the strong capillary attraction of a richer and more powerful neighbor.

The more prosperous Scottish classes never really liked Presbyterianism and were drawn to a form of Anglicanism known as Scottish Episcopalianism. This allegiance drew off from the Kirk not only the aristocracy but all those who aspired to association with it. In the great period of industrial expansion, the Irish immigrant not only resisted absorption in the Presbyterian fold but, with enormous sacrifice and generosity, built numerous schools and churches, which remain as an abiding memorial to the indomitable spirit of the Celt. At the same time the native, working-class Presbyterian found more expression of his needs in the alien doctrines of Karl Marx than in a Calvinistic interpretation of the Bible. The best genius of the prosperous classes, the more determined workingmen and the immigrant Irish Catholics faced the problems of the 20th century without contact with the Established Church. The Kirk at the turn of the century was still a dominant feature of the national life, but it had lost contact with too many dynamic forces to maintain exclusive leadership. It may be that these disparate forces will come closer together in shaping the policies of the future, but they will not do so under the leadership of the Reformed Scottish Kirk. This quadricentennial marks the end of the period when Scotland's main formative influence was Presbyterian.

SHORTAGE OF MINISTERS

That there has been a considerable loss of influence is evidenced by the fact that the Kirk is contending with a serious decline in the number of candidates for the ministry. At present, membership of the Scottish Church stands at approximately 1,315,000, which is 4,600 less than in 1958. In England and Scotland the total number of churches is roughly 2,200, with 1,058 ministers to look after them. This shortage of ministers involves the linking of congregations to share ministers, leaving the deficit at about 200. In 1959 there were 57

future ministers due for ordination from four Scottish theological colleges. This year, reports indicate that there are fewer.

Spokesmen of the Kirk have pointed out with commendable frankness that ministers cannot expect the same material rewards as those who enter commerce or the professions. The average ministerial income is comparatively low, to such an extent that those who enter the ministry must accept relative (and often real) poverty. There is no doubt that the Presbyterian Church of Scotland can produce men of a caliber willing to face the hard consequences of a call to the ministry in modern conditions, but it is a married ministry and what a man may feel moved to endure for himself, he may hesitate to impose upon his wife and family.

One solution, heavily canvassed, to this problem is the admission of women to the work of elders and even ministers. Irish and English Presbyterians have admitted women to the office of elder, an important office since a minister is no more than an elder set apart for special work. The principle of parity or near parity between men and women in the work of the Kirk is a hard one for a Scottish Presbyterian to accept. John Knox spoke of "the monstrous regiment of women" and asserted "here it is of plain, that the administration of the Grace of God is denied to all women." The vehemence of the prophet remains in many Scottish minds today despite not a few attempts to eradicate it. Year by year the gap between tradition and expediency continues to narrow, but it is doubtful if any Assembly in the foreseeable future would dare to admit women to the work of elders.

DEFLECTIONS FROM THE KIRK

Shortage of ministers is not the only problem facing Presbyterianism in Scotland today. According to a recent series of articles, 20,140 members were struck off the Kirk's communion rolls in 1958. This means that those thus cut off severed all connection with the corporate life of the Kirk. The articles further state that in the last twelve years the number of members who ceased going to church totalled approximately a quarter-million.

Recent years have witnessed attempts to bring the Church of Scotland into closer communion with the Anglicans in England. The great block to the success of such efforts is the question of episcopacy. With the passage of the centuries the Kirk has grown into a definitely non-episcopal organization. Presbyterian scholars do not show unanimous agreement on the answer to the problem whether John Knox approved of bishops or not. In a new work Prof. William L. Renwick (*The Story of the Scottish Reformation*) strenuously argues that Knox, influenced as he was by Calvin, never accepted hierarchical government for his own home-made product. On the other hand, Dr. Gordon Donaldson (*The Scottish Reformation, 1560*) argues that the Kirk was a reformed episcopal church for some considerable time after 1560. Dr. Donaldson thinks that Knox held the episcopal system to be best and that his writings bear no hint of a contrary view. As in the

question of women elders, the battle is still in progress and it is not easy for the observer to tell what the final outcome will be.

A CONVERT'S ACCOUNT

From the Catholic point of view, the most attractive of the books published in this commemorative year comes from a convert minister, Ronald Walls. In this book, *The One True Kirk*, Walls does much more than trace the story of his conversion. He introduces the outsider into the life and worship of Scottish Presbyterians as deserving of affection and admiration. It comes as something of a shock to realize that the Catholics of Scotland have practically no contact with the Presbyterians among whom they spend their daily lives. Whatever the young Walls saw of the Church, he saw in Europe, and he gives no account of any Catholic contact or influence in his formative years. Nothing more poignantly underlines the evil of the Reformation than this picture of two communities living out their years in complacent ignorance of one another.

When he was ordained to the ministry, Ronald Walls threw himself into the work of his small Highlands parish where, he says, the induction and ordination of a minister are of much greater importance than the coronation of a British monarch. He and his people loved one another, but he was forced to realize that

my beliefs had no security beyond my own subjective conviction, and in striving to be the official minister of this parish and to speak with a voice more authoritative than my own, I was forever falling back on nothing more than my own private conviction. This was the cause of my depression, of my sheer physical exhaustion. I was a living contradiction—a minister of the Church who always found himself speaking from private conviction.

Ronald Walls and his wife eventually found the truth and the grace to follow it despite all the heartache involved. Those who have been born in the Faith have much to gain from the contemplation of the simple heroism of those who sacrifice so much to come home to it. The sincerity and simplicity of the account of their departure from the parish and people bring us close to a wonderful example of grace working in the soul:

I crossed the stile and walked through the glebe to Ballantine's farm. After supper Mr. and Mrs. Ballantine drove us to the station. The train from the north squealed to a halt. Tom heaved the heavy trunks into the van and came back to slam the carriage door and give it a half-turn to lock it. His brown eyes were swimming again, and he said: "If only I could have locked the pulpit door on you!" Then he raised the green lamp and waved out the train.

Probably this is the most important book of them all. It is especially difficult for the Scot to find the Church, although the light of her shines all around. Generations of prejudice and separation cloud the vision of the best of us. This personal story, beautifully written, redolent of heather and the charm of native custom and idiom, can serve only to heal and unite.

The Square Beatific

Leonard Casper

BY NOW even Lawrence Lipton, advance trombone to the "marching saints" of Venice, Calif., and defender of the true-blue deviates, has found fault with Jack Kerouac's *The Dharma Bums*. He complains in *The Holy Barbarians* about the presence of "too much of Hallelujah I'm a Buddha." The Beat Generation (elsewhere known as the Deadbeats; or, in honor of Ginsberg's *Howl*, the Bleats) finds in Zen Buddhism's floating world a way to play disorganization man in a collective, status-bent society. As substitute for the constant cross-examination of Judeo-Christian consciences, Zen offers *wu-shih*, "no fuss," submission to transience. For this reason not only Lipton but, more importantly, Zen experts such as Alan W. Watts have criticized Beat affectations, their too strenuous disengagement which amounts to militant pacifism, their self-pitying motive for purging themselves of the need for self-justification.

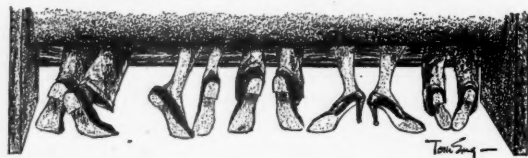
Their very borrowing of traditional (if offbeat) religious trappings and terminology is a plea for acceptance and status. Lipton himself talks of "holy barbarians" who, in our spiritual crisis, "come, not with the weapons of war, but with the songs and ikons of peace." But the granddaddy name-dropper of them all is Kerouac. Even while proclaiming the spontaneity of the bardic child, supposedly "diametrically opposed to the Eliot shot" (the devotional alternative), he speaks in *On the Road* of his heroic Holy Goo; and in *The Subterraneans* he writes: "... we say junkey when once Dostoevsky would have said what? if not ascetic or saintly?" Only early warnings from authentic scholars of Zen have prevented thoroughgoing identification of "the beatific" and "the beat."

The history of these newest "plunder-blunderers" should give pause to close misreaders of the Judeo-Christian tradition in contemporary literature. The Uncritic, often in a fit of pietism, embraces all who cry Lord! Lord! as religious writers, welcome signs of salvation in an age of slaughter. Every shabby routine is applauded as "ritual"; every blue funk becomes a "dark night of the soul"; every contradiction, anomaly, or indecision is "spiritual paradox." Each prideful rediscovery of Original Sin is read as sublime religious confession, regardless of what—if anything—is suggested about the nature and origin of good; and the more unlikely the human instrument, the greater the proof of

MR. CASPER has written Robert Penn Warren: *The Dark and Bloody Ground*, which will be published in September by the University of Washington Press.

God's grace and incomprehensibility. Depravity is mere sickness; its sufferers, saints. God-baiting Ahab is romantically old-fashioned; but God-tolerating "J. B.," modern and admirable. Logically, the next stage after acknowledgment of God as a domesticated scapegoat will be self-congratulations that man can feel compassion for an impotent deity. Meanwhile, Uncritic murmurs his jargon and venerates the crack instead of the ikon.

Our contemporary confusion of ceremonial survivals with theological insights can be illustrated by the prevailing view of the works of Steinbeck and Faulkner. Peter Lisca, in *The Wide World of John Steinbeck*, is



pleased to find a Holy Grail motif in *Cup of Gold*. Yet a concurrent motif is Faustian; and the self-denial requisite to one quest is counteracted by the ego-inflation implicit in the other. A similar confusion occurs in *To a God Unknown*, between the *Rig-Veda* and the *Acts of the Apostles*; nor can that novel decide whether the central character's sacrificial suicide is pagan or Christian. *Tortilla Flat* is Arthurian legend turned mock-epic because Steinbeck admittedly held indeterminate feelings about his *paisanos* whose romanticized "miracles" were no more than the levitation of petty larcenists. Nor could Steinbeck ever quite keep constant his opinion of Ed Ricketts, fellow marine biologist, whom he pictured therefore as "half Christ, half satyr" in the character of Doc (*Cannery Row*; *Sweet Thursday*).

Steinbeck's has been a continuous history of wavering between antagonistic concepts: man biologically predetermined or soul-asserting; submitting to fate (*The Pearl*) or rebelling (*The Grapes of Wrath*—which, however, like *In Dubious Battle*, glorifies not the individual but "group-man" survival in the species). Nevertheless, in an attempted elevation-through-association, Lisca lingers over Scriptural analogues in this migrant workers' Mauriac. On the evidence, primarily of initials, both Jim Casy in *The Grapes of Wrath* and Juan Chicoy in *The Wayward Bus* are offered as Christ-figures. (According to the same logic, America's Jaycees should be welcomed en masse as messiahs.) As oppression of the poor increases, Casy becomes more ethically than sex-

ually aroused; and he dies saying, "You don't know what you're a-doin'," in a clear commemoration of Calvary. As for Juan Chicoy: because he is driving his bus towards San Juan de la Cruz (could a California traveler avoid a mission city?) when it temporarily breaks down, the passengers' disgruntlement is offered as the "dark night" of their respective souls. Furthermore, after a lengthy erotic digression, J. C. returns to his bus (on whose sides "Sweetheart" has been painted over *el gran Poder de Jesus*), to his statuette of the Virgin of Guadalupe (next to a kewpie doll), and to his passengers—the battered world—whom he has decided to "redeem" after all.

ESTIMATES OF FAULKNER

A growing number of simplistic-minded readings (the most recent, Hyatt H. Waggoner's *William Faulkner: From Jefferson to the World*) treat Faulkner's work as well with the sober obsequiousness sometimes granted Scriptural apocrypha or well-rubbed, third-class relics. Benjy, in *The Sound and the Fury*, is thirty-three years old; therefore, he is undeniably a Christ-image, in company with Joe Christmas of *Light in August*, whose initials are compelling proof and who is brutally killed (to the Uncritic all murders are sacrificial). Ike McCaslin is a third Christ-figure (in spite of his compromises with segregation), because he has turned to carpentry. In *As I Lay Dying*, young Vardaman confuses his mother with a fish; therefore, she is a Redeemer. Lena Burden is an "unconscious Christian," a "natural saint."

The Uncritic chooses to ignore the initials of Jason Compson and the fact that Popeye, in *Sanctuary*, was born on Christmas Day; also the fact that Nancy (*Requiem for a Nun*) and Joe Christmas are so multiple in personality that they are morally ambiguous at best. Otherwise the Uncritic might be forced to admit that the ambivalence evident in *The Fable*, Faulkner's personal monument, extends to other works as well. In what is more parody than parable, Faulkner has made his "Christlike" corporal an illegitimate child raised by half-sisters (one, an idiot and married to a prostitute. After his plan to stop the munitions-makers' and generals' war is betrayed and he is allowed one last greedy, graceless supper with his followers, he is tempted on a hilltop by his Satanic father. His body after death is "resurrected" by a barrage. There is no Ascension, no Pentecost, and only rudimentary signs of anyone's conversion.

As Olga Vickery's *The Novels of William Faulkner* thoroughly demonstrates, Faulkner's method of multiple perspective is designed for exploration, not for illustration. Truth, for him, is always transient, only momentarily perceived by intuition. Whatever is codified—social law, moral doctrine, religious dogma—is therefore suspect; as is language itself, to the extent that it pretends to be articulate. Further proof of Faulkner's delight in the unsystematized is discoverable throughout the transcript of his Virginia lectures. Publicly he has admitted exploiting the "tall tales" in Scripture ("Mirrors of Chartres Street" refers to the Christian

"fairy tale"). Always the Bible has been for him "a ready-made axe to use, but it was just one of several tools."

The ten years of discussion already spent on the imagistic intent of Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* may be repeated with others more modern (Hemingway? Wolfe? Jeffers?), unless, in the submarine dark of probing interpretation, critical sonar is attuned to distinguish porpoise from floating mine. Is the *Red Badge* a dramatization of Christian conversion or its ironic negation, a commentary on the inadequacy of any promise of eternal life to the open-eyed dying? Is the "wafer" sun symbolic of the sacrificial ritual required for redemption or is its redness significant of that cosmic violence in which man innocently is involved? Jim Conklin (strange that critic Joseph Conrad missed those initials!) is offered as a Christ-figure crucified by war, his side gashed as if "chewed by wolves." Yet nearly as many descriptive words associate him with Satan as with the Saviour.

Are such "race memories" all that the staggered writer and astounded reader have instead of God, in an anxious age—fragments to shore up a basic indecision? Or does the Uncritic's lack of caution grow from a need to compensate for society's gross utilitarianism by proving that there is no sin, really; no naturalistic diminution; no one, educated to tolerate and patronize, who is not on God's side? Damnation, then, is only a bad dream.

Probably this position would have been approved by Walt Whitman who, in "Chanting the Square Deific" nearly one hundred years ago, made a composite alter-ego out of Jehovah, Brahma, Saturn, Kronos, Christ, Hercules, Hermes, Satan and the Holy Ghost. The startling and instructive fact is that the Zen Beat arrives at the same impasse: at the *satori* experience of "original inseparability," a total composed of interchangeable; at *wu-shih*, or "Cool it, man; nothing's



much." Pseudo-Buddhist and cracked-Christ-ikon are look-alikes—both Beat and Square, the shape of zero multiplied.

Nevertheless, this New Piety has a healthy rival in that competing tradition called Christian discrimination. When this tradition informs literary sensibilities that are more searching than merely athletic in their enthusiasm, then will be the happy time of precision, of clarity at home. Definition and attention to diversity are not impossible. Neither is measurement of image by incident and total context. Only to the Uncritic does every junkey and "Holy Fool" seem a "cool Christ," because only the Uncritic overlooks the possibilities of inverted irony, the truncated concept, the vestigial code cast off and retailored, the confusion of sacred and profane, the rhetoric of faith without full witness—the spiritual forgery.

Italy's Gregarious South

Gabriel Gersh

A CENTURY AGO the south of Italy was a separate state, and even now it is unified with the north in name rather than in fact. The southerners are still a different race, or mixture of races, gay and somewhat indolent, where the northerners are serious and efficient. The antipathy between north and south, and the uneasy kind of economic colonialism that has linked them, have made the recent public-work programs and agrarian reforms more revolutionary than they appear.

Each half is, in its own way, cynical. The northerners seldom visit the south; they believe that the southerners are unalterably idle, dirty, vicious and deceitful, and that progress is therefore impossible. The southerners are cynical because they believe, rightly or wrongly, that much of the funds destined to alleviate the lot of the peasants finds its way into the pockets of a vast new army of government officials or goes back to the Government as taxes. They are so overwhelmed by the enormous step from virtual serfdom to petty capitalism, which some of them have suddenly made, that they cannot assess its true importance. Cynicism is to be expected, of course, from the majority of the peasants, who have not yet been affected by the reforms, except perhaps for a lucrative spell building a road, planting a forest or digging a reservoir. Not understanding that such projects bring returns in the long run, they resign themselves once more to poverty, convinced that, after an abortive gesture by the authorities, nothing has changed.

Such, at least, is the impression one gains from talking to the southerners, who must be the most talkative race in the world. Their personal friendliness is so irrepressible that they are never in danger of effacing it by their political hostility to all other countries, especially to Great Britain. There are causes—though perhaps not reasons—for this anti-English emotion that are peculiar to the South. It was the southerners whose hopes were highest when Mussolini occupied Abyssinia, for they saw it as a land of opportunity for the unemployed and many of them found well-paid work there. They complain that they were ousted from Africa by the British, and veer between triumph that England has lost half of her Empire and indignation that she still keeps the other half. Their jealousy of England's and France's colonies was expressed as vocal support for the Egyptians during the Suez crisis.

MR. GERSH, who visited Italy recently, is a free-lance writer. After a visit to Portugal last year he wrote "Dr. Salazar and Sad Ballads" (AM. 10/24/59).

The other cause of resentment against the English—including the Canadians and Australians—is confined to those who say, with passion undiminished by the passing of time, that they were badly treated during the war by the British and Commonwealth invading armies, which were, of course, most in evidence in the south. They found British and Commonwealth troops cold, where the Americans were easily touched (in both senses of the word), and disorderly, where the Germans had been correct. They too easily conclude from a few isolated cases that Anglo-Saxons are a race of drunkards. Drunkenness is virtually unknown among them. However, one suspects that, like Mithridates, they have been inured to wine's effects by the amount they drink.

The sentimentalism of the south is at its most typical and wrong-headed in the admiration for Mussolini, which is still common. It is widely claimed that Sir Winston Churchill recognized, in his memoirs, the greatness of Mussolini and the unjust manner of his death that has made him a martyr in the south. "He was like a father to us," say the southerners, and persist in their Freudian attachment even when one points out that he not only did little to improve their lot, but both began and lost the war. Rumors of corruption in the administration of the reforms have created a myth that Mussolini would have run them with impeccable efficiency. But perhaps the southerners have a point when they complain that democratic politics, at least as practiced in Italy at present, is deadly dull.

GROWING TRADE UNIONS

The traditional apathy about politics among southerners, tempered thus far only by the fact that some of the most adroit politicians in Rome are from the south, is being dissolved to some extent by the growing power of the agricultural trade unions. Some of these are controlled by the Communists, whose meetings can, amazingly, bring about a tenth of the population of a peasant village into the market square even when the movies are competing around the corner. It is noticeable that their speakers seldom launch into expositions of Marxist doctrine, but rub salt, with tedious repetition, into specific complaints. They have a sitting target in the laws governing unemployment benefits, which work on the principle "to him that hath it shall be given," so that a totally unemployed man gets less assistance than one who has worked for six months in the year. The most powerful rural union, however, is that of the "Coltivatori diretti," or smallholders, who, under the leadership of Paolo Bonomi, a Christian Democrat

deputy, recently wrung old age and disability pensions from the Government.

I happened to come across the second annual conference of this body in Potenza. They were an untidy rabble of wizened men with corduroy jackets, moustaches and pipes, who marched through the streets with banners and did not appear very sure what the purpose of the meeting was. Among them was a covey of beautiful girls in national costumes, who said they had come over a hundred miles by bus, and posed for their photograph with surprising alacrity. They carried banners bearing different slogans, and little were they conscious of making trade union history, for it was at this meeting that a member of the Government came down to promise the pension concessions.

Among the reasons why the south, for all its misery, will never go Communist, the peasants advance, first, their pious womenfolk, and, second, the Pope, who, they feel, will miraculously keep the Reds at bay. The southerners are deeply religious, and their religion has shown itself a powerful counterforce to the spread of communism.

HUNGER AND GAMES

There is still much squalor and much poverty in these small hill-towns of Calabria and Lucania, many of them by-passed by the reforms. Groups of despondent unemployed can be seen standing in the squares, and, in spite of the need for education, even school teachers have a great deal of difficulty in finding jobs. "We are dying of hunger" is a phrase commonly heard, but nobody starves, thanks to the neighborly generosity which

operates in many places. There is a saying current in the south: "*Dove c'è la miseria, c'è la fratellanza*": where there is misery there is brotherhood.

Even tax collectors sometimes become members of the happy family. In a small town in Lucania, the innkeeper turned out to be the local tax collector, and admitted that he was lenient with the peasants when they were in difficulties. On being asked why there were so few guests in his register, he slyly confessed that he did not usually sign them in, so as to avoid paying tax on them. When I admired this elaborate subterfuge, whereby one half of him continually deceived the other, he roared with laughter at his own cleverness.

Some villages seem to be populated almost entirely by dirty children, who rush around the streets barefoot and besiege any stranger with engaging impudence. Out of school they have little to do but play a miniature game of skittles with walnuts or cheer the heroes of American movies, blond Anglo-Saxon adventurers speaking in the incongruously dubbed voices of Italian actors. The movie theatre, often the only modern building in the village, and sometimes a television set left on in a store window for the penniless to gape at, are the only amusements after dark. So tedious is the life these people lead that their only distraction is to talk interminably, generally in one of the local dialects, which are so many and varied that neighboring villages hardly understand each other. It is impossible to keep to yourself; in fact, minding your own business is considered anti-social. Such a life, to a foreigner at any rate, is attractive at first, but finally infuriates, for the pleasure of solitude is unknown in the south.

BOOKS

Human Problems in Five Countries

The first four of the five books to be commented on here have something rather moving to say about characters whose homelands are, respectively, Germany, India, Ireland and the United States. The fifth book has Palestine in the time of our Lord as its locale; though it can also in a sense be called moving, it can in no sense be commended, for reasons to be stated later.

The Bridge, by Manfred Gregor (Random House, 215p. \$3.50), is a quite different kind of war book. Written by a young German who himself was one of Hitler's 16-year-old draftees at the end of the war, when the German manpower-barrel was being scraped to the bottom, it recounts the fate of a squad of teen-age German "warriors" detailed to hold a bridge across which

the routed German army was fleeing the relentlessly approaching American forces.

All but one of the seven boys is killed in a senseless last-ditch stand which they maintain, not because they are fanatical little Nazis, but simply because they are bewildered, afraid of "desert," steered by some sense of vague honor and duty, afraid of what parents and friends will think if they run away. In skillful flash-backs we are shown what has made each boy the character he is. If the story is authentic (as it has all the earmarks of being), it is remarkable in its revelation of how little this generation of young Germans was taken in by the Nazi propaganda.

Apart from this deeper significance, the tale can be read merely for its ex-

citement and suspense. It will be good to keep in mind for comparison with a forthcoming book, *The Beardless Warriors*, which treats of boy soldiers in the U.S. Army and which we shall take note of here when publication makes reviewing possible.

Kamala Markandaya received considerable critical acclaim for her earlier *Nectar in a Sieve* and *Some Inner Fury*. Her present *A Silence of Desire* (John Day, 253p. \$4) maintains her reputation. It is a quiet story of a rather drab Indian civil servant, happily married, content in his routine work, whose family life seems to come crashing down around his head when he suspects that his deeply loved wife is having an affair.

What has been happening is that the simple, devout lady has been going clandestinely to see a swami, a holy man, seeking a cure for a suspected cancer. Even when he discovers the truth, the bedeviled husband feels that the swami's sway over his wife has

ruined the unity of the home, and he sows some really wild oats of his own. Eventually, however, the holy man leaves the town and peace is restored. There is a wry humor to this little tale, and the extramarital forays of the husband are handled with reticence. The enduring quality of the book centers around the love of family that finally wins the day against suspicion and lapses.

Leonard Wibberley is perhaps best known for his *The Mouse That Roared*, but *The Hands of Cormac Joyce* (Putnam, 126p. \$2.95) would be enough to establish a modest reputation. It is a short, lyrical tale of how young and somewhat puny Jackie Joyce, envying the strength of his father Cormac, comes to realize that there is a strength other than physical. This dawns on him when a terrible storm threatens their island home off the coast of Ireland. There is a really lovely simplicity and sense of religion in this brief fable; it is the type of tale that would be fine for reading aloud by a snug fireside when another storm (gentler, we hope) would be muttering against the window panes.

In *Now and at the Hour* (Coward-McCann, 189p. \$3) Robert Cormier recounts the days and hours of the illness and dying of a simple French-Canadian who has moved with his family down to the States. It is a reading of the man's thoughts, reactions, fears, of his sense that he has failed his family and of the opposite surges of gratefulness when he recalls the non-material legacy he has bequeathed them as he spends the long days slowly dying from cancer. This may sound lugubrious, and it has to be said that the process is perhaps too long drawn out, but again, what will impress most is the realization of the dignity (based deep on simple faith) of the humble people of the world.

Our last book was written by a man who manifests in it that he was something of a mad genius. He is (or was—he died in 1958) Nikos Kazantzakis, author, among many other works, of *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel* (cf. *Am.*, 1/3/59, p. 405). This book, *The Last Temptation of Christ* (Simon and Schuster, 496p. \$6), has been placed on the Index of Forbidden Books, and it occasioned the author's excommunication from the Greek Orthodox Church.

Christ's last temptation consists in this: looking back over His life in a flash as He is dying on the Cross, He wonders if His life has been wasted; would He not have done better if He had married, raised a family, experi-

enced the joys and sorrows of just an ordinary life? This life that He "might have led" is unfolded in shocking detail, including an affair with Mary Magdalene. He rejects the temptation, but not before the dream of His "might have been" life constitutes a denial of His very nature and mission.

The author tells in a prologue why he was impelled to write this book. One reads it with a deep sense of pity and sorrow that undoubted genius has been so squandered for the basic reason that the Incarnation was never known for what it was—and is—by a man who was in travail all his life to reconcile the human and the divine. The fact that his book may not be read, however, should not prevent a prayer for his soul. This, I realize, is not literary criticism, but it is Christian charity.

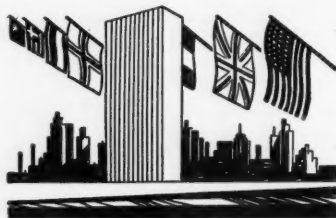
HAROLD C. GARDINER

Rule of Law

THE LONG WAY TO FREEDOM

By James T. Shotwell. Bobbs-Merrill. 639p. \$7.50

The major part of Dr. Shotwell's long and fruitful life has been spent, to use his favorite phrase, in work for "the organization of peace." It is not enough to bring a war to an end. One must stabilize peace through institutions,



which alone can guarantee permanence. In this book the dedicated crusader puts his personal work in the larger context of the organization of freedom itself. "Freedom," he says, "must be clothed with authority and embodied in institutions dedicated to its sovereignty."

In form and bulk (26 chapters beginning with the Ice Age and ending with the United Nations) this volume resembles the massive textbooks on modern civilization which seem to be the vogue in universities today. Yet this is more than a mere history, even a history of freedom. Here we find embodied the outlook of one of America's elder statesmen, a privileged spectator of the great dramas of our times. Born in Canada in 1874, Dr. Shotwell, as a young professor of history at Columbia University, was early associated with

Woodrow Wilson in the peace planning. As a close collaborator with and ultimately president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, he exercised key influence. Small wonder that this scholarly but self-effacing man was in 1952 nominated by many leading Americans as a candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize. As the author of 17 books and the editor of 200 others, all dealing with the theme of peace and how to organize it, his services are distinguished and rare.

In human history, Dr. Shotwell sees man's perennial and not entirely unsuccessful struggle for freedom. He regards it as "an almost incredible paradox that the greatest impediments to freedom have been created by the three chief agencies of liberation: religion, politics and economics." He therefore pictures progress down the centuries as a threefold struggle: against superstition, against war and against economic exploitation of man by man.

It is difficult to analyze in detail a book written on such a scale. A work of this type inevitably contains generalizations that some will find arguable. One has the feeling, for instance, that the treatment of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages, while reflecting the genuine tolerance of the author, expresses a somewhat stereotyped image more in vogue in his youth than it is today.

This guide to freedom will be consulted with profit by students of history who want to situate their studies in the context of human values seen at least as part of human history. It is important to note that, for the author, freedom is not simple escape from restraint. Freedom, on the contrary, is a function of justice, "the fullness of life under the rule of law, which guarantees the fundamental human rights of thought and expression." A liberal of the old school with the 19th century's profound respect for the individual, Dr. Shotwell has much of significance to convey to a new generation now growing up under the star of collectivism.

ROBERT A. GRAHAM

Tragedy of a Nation

THE MIND OF GERMANY: The Education of a Nation

By Hans Kohn. Scribner. 370p. \$5.95

A deeper understanding of the development of German history is possible only if one seeks primarily to grasp the political and social existence of Germany since the 19th century not merely in terms of the institutional and

organizational forms of its governmental life. Attention must be directed to awareness and appraisal of those intellectual and ideological, i.e., ideo-political, values and forces which fundamentally shaped the concrete governmental and political development in Germany and which really influence the course of her history to this day.

A fundamental comprehension of the divided as well as the complex character of German history can be acquired only by the application of the methods of ideo-historical analysis and sociology. Hence it was no scientific accident when the establishment of these methods by German savants like Dilthey, Weber, Troeltsch and Meineke were taken up and masterfully elaborated by the schools of ideo-historical analysis and ideo-political sociology which they founded.

With this situation in mind, a fundamental importance attaches to Hans Kohn's new book. Only a scholar of the intellectual bent of this historian could succeed in illuminating the problems of German history by a new and deepened understanding of the ideo-historical method. For Hans Kohn, as a scientist and as a personality, embodies the best heritage of German science and European intellectualism in a creative unity of erudition and a grasp of living history. This book is therefore unique: it not only furnishes a fully new way of understanding German history but leads to a deep grasp of those intellectual and political forces and movements which, under the leadership of Konrad Adenauer, made possible the reconstruction of the new Germany and her positive integration in the culture and the community of the nations of the West.

Despite its extraordinarily rich mining from sources, this book never loses itself in the thickets of overstressed theorizing and reasoning, the typical curse of German scholarship. Only thus was it possible for Hans Kohn to trace so clearly the development of the German mind which determined German and even European destiny from the age of Goethe to the recent Adenauer era. The main drama of this development lies in the perversion of a genuine German national feeling into the militant nationalism of Pan-Germanism and in the debasement of the manly training of Prussian soldiers and the sternness of Prussian state doctrine into the militarism and the barbarism of the National Socialist power state. Rarely has this drama been presented with such penetration and objectivity of critical judgment.

EDGAR ALEXANDER

THE CHEERFUL DAY

By Nan Fairbrother. Knopf. 242p. \$4.50

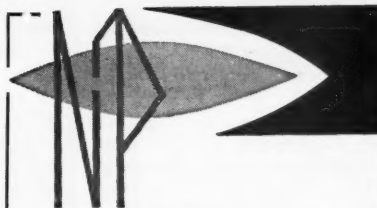
It would be quite easy to pass off *The Cheerful Day* as just another charming picture of middle-class English family life. Perhaps the only unusual twist would be that this family moved from the country to London and the book recounts its adjustment to urban living. While Nan Fairbrother does paint a charming picture of the everyday ups-and-downs of family life, this reviewer prefers to see a depth of thought and meditation on the experimental meaning of the family not ordinarily found in books of this genre and especially not often presented from the distaff point of view.

The reader will pardon a lengthy quotation, since it so aptly illustrates this point.

And watching the movements beyond the windows, the family unconscious and preoccupied in the rooms behind, I think how that is what a household is, a tiny civilization living in this house like a plant in its pot. There is William's work as a doctor, the children growing up into men, and their lives and mine are drawn together in a household world with its own domestic laws and organization. And like every family, every civilization however small and humble, we have our own particular personality, our ways of doing the ordinary things, our own prejudices and enthusiasms and family relationships. The way we arrange our house is unmistakably ours, the kind of books we read, the friends we make, the way we spend our leisure, our attitude to things that happen, even the jokes we make at meals. These are things we do—as every family does—in a way peculiarly our own.

While men will undoubtedly enjoy *The Cheerful Day*, it is especially recommended for those mothers and wives who have conscientiously muted their own personal aspirations in order to devote themselves to tidying up the lives of their husbands and children and to encouraging them with their patience and love. They will find a salutary antidote here against that feeling of failure when they compare themselves to the career-mothers and suburban whirlwinds so highly touted by the American "slicks." A reading of Miss Fairbrother's book should well convince them that they have chosen the better part. By not nervously striving to be just as good as men they have more wisely chosen to be just good as women.

PETER L. DANNER



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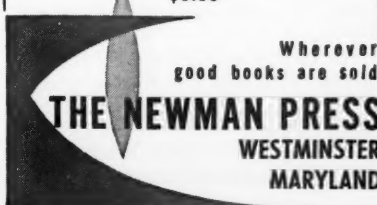
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FOOD FOR CENTAURS: Stories, Talks, Critical Studies, Poems
By Robert Graves. Doubleday. 382p. \$4.95

With a few cranky exceptions, *Food for Centaurs* is a warm anthology of attachments. Robert Graves has always chosen boundaries that fit, and once again his peculiar mixture of loud innocence, foxiness and skill weaves together and enlivens a somewhat bumpy, random collection. Graves is abundant, wide-spirited, and always a poet, whether he writes about Majorca, Benedict Arnold, ambrosia, or the origin of words.

Some parts of the book, of course, are better than others. The fine "Preface to a Reading of Poems," for instance, and the poem "Around the Mountain," make up for the small-minded "demolition" of Jung. The book's bumpiness, perhaps, comes in part from one's own imbalances and gaps; these occur in peculiar places; to lack them, I suppose, one must be Graves himself. As it was, I was in turn exhilarated, fuddled and cross. I think this is just what Graves wants—

there are no false distances; he talks, and nearly everything catches fire.

The topics in the book—Ava Gardner for instance (she once visited the Graves'), the trenches in 1915, Menander, narcotics and the movements of pre-history—have in common, at last, their being watched, for one reason, by Robert Graves. This is a special privilege; for he finds, and makes them, wonderfully alive. This single-mindedness, running through many subjects and genres, makes *Food for Centaurs* woven. Graves moves among his attachments, quickly, with a kind of large-boned elegance. The book provides a further range of proof that as a poet he refuses to pause, or to grow dim.

DAVID CHANDLER

SEVEN IN THE TOWER

By Louise Collis. Roy. 208p. \$3.75

Americans should be grateful that a book like *Seven in the Tower* could not emerge from our historical annals for the simple reason that, unlike France with its vanished Bastille or England with its still extant (as a curiosity) Tower of London, we have had neither political prisoners as such nor a specific prison for them. On the other hand we cannot deny that tales of dynastic intrigue, secret arrests and dramatic executions make stimulating reading. Miss Collis permits us seven vicariously sensational experiences selected from the very many possible in the nearly millennial history of London's Tower (which has also served as a palace, zoo and treasury). She makes good use of contemporary accounts and chronicles, although the effect of reading these "in the quaint spelling of the time" is more of a distracting annoyance than an asset.

The subjects chosen are all well known to the average reader: young Edward V and his brother Richard; Perkin Warbeck; Anne Boleyn; Lady Jane Grey; Sir Walter Raleigh; the Gunpowder conspirators; the Duke of Monmouth. This means that the stories have to be exceptionally well retold in order to hold attention. They are and they do.

Strangely enough, however, Miss Collis' fondness for authentic documentation has not prevented her from making some careless errors and falling into rather notable omissions. Twice she refers to Perkin Warbeck's "children," of which there were none (and Henry VII was at pains to make sure of this), while no mention is made at all of the now widely accepted (and enlightening) contention that Warbeck was ac-

tually the natural son of Margaret of Burgundy. There is no real evidence that Arabella Stuart "inclined to Catholicism," nor has the authoress correctly estimated the number of Charles II's acknowledged illegitimate children which was fifteen, not ten.

Some will feel that she has interpreted the evidence regarding Anne Boleyn's marital infidelities far too benignly (although this is perhaps the best biographical sketch in the book); that her assumption of Richard III's guilt in the murder of the young princes is too unquestioning; and that her silence in regard to Monmouth's evil genius—Lord William Russell—is inexcusable; but these are all matters in which controversy will rage forever, and without it historical works would be dull indeed. Students of Catholic disabilities in post-Reformation England will, however, be rightly astonished to hear from Miss Collis that the hunted priest with a price on his head found this state of affairs "an added interest in a rather dull parochial life."

J. EDGAR BRUNS

THE FOURTH KING

By Norbert Coulehan. Lippincott. 222p. \$3.95

Published in England as *Quadrantus Rex*, this is a rollicking melodramatic tale of the voyage (rather than the traditional overland journey) of the Magi. Quadrantus, the huge enigmatic captain of the square-rigged *Fravashé*, appears mysteriously and vanishes in like manner after bringing the kings to the coast of Judea, whence they go the rest of the way by camelback.

At the novel's beginning, Augustus has summoned to Rome King Daq of Africa, the Teuton Erlking and a powerful Asian ruler, the Khan, to a great summit meeting. His goal is to set up a Pax Mundana. At the conference's end, and after the barbarian kings have sailed away, Augustus is supposed to appear in a vision to King Daq: the three sealed treasure pots he'd given the three potentates were

to be taken on behalf of Rome to one who was of infinitely greater birth than any common earth king. None other than the King of Kings who would implement the Pax after his own fashion.

Interest in this historical fantasy is held by the verisimilitude of portraits of politicians and others of the Augustan age at the time of our Lord's birth. The author reaches Swift's incisiveness of satire at times; but it is man's half-glimpses into the reality of the super-

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natural that Mr. Coulehan evidently has wished to stress. The writer, a master-mariner, shows here that he knows both ships and men. M. WHITCOMB HESS

JOSEPH CONRAD: A Critical Biography
By Jocelyn Baines. McGraw-Hill. 523p.
\$8.50

Jocelyn Baines might have been better advised to have left the qualifying adjective, "critical," out of his subtitle. With the exception of a really quite illuminating contrast between Conrad's *Under Western Eyes* and Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*, Baines brings the reader no new critical insights of his own; and he compounds this particular failure by irritably rejecting a good deal of the more recent significant Conrad criticism with the pejorative epithet, "alchemical."

As biography pure and simple, however, Baines' meticulously documented volume well deserves the title of definitive. It is the first life of Conrad thoroughly to explore the Polish sources which, up to this point, have either been touched on piecemeal or else remained buried in obscure monographs. Perhaps the most startling of Baines' documentary discoveries—an 1879 letter from Conrad's maternal uncle, Thaddeus Bobrowski—scotches the old romantic assumption that Conrad had fought a Marseilles duel over a woman and substitutes the no less somber and even more sinister probability of an attempted suicide. At the same time Baines demolishes Jerry Allen's identification of *The Arrow of Gold's* Rita with the Hungarian cocotte, Paula de Somogyi. So downright thorough is Mr. Baines about this tricky business of identification and non-identification that one wonders how he could have overlooked the plausible suggestion that Coventry Patmore and his son Milnes sat for *Chance's* Carleon and Captain Anthony.

Catholic readers cannot help but be saddened—and not for the first time where Conrad is in question—by Baines'

conclusion that the great Anglo-Polish romancer rejected not only Christianity but all "belief in a deity." Still and all, the overt statements he adduces as proof here are in letters to Garnett and Cunningham Graham dating back to 1914, 1902, 1899. Nevertheless, the channels of grace are not so easily plotted as the Carimata Strait where Tom Lingard used to sail; and there always remains the tremendous possibility offered by Conrad's 1924 interment in Canterbury's Catholic churchyard of St. Thomas. One remembers that à Becket is not the only Thomas in the martyrology. Why, when all is said and done, could not a certain doubting saint have remembered with compassion this most compassionate of all novelistic skeptics.

CHARLES A. BRADY

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS 1959

By Richard P. Stebbins. Harper. 464p. \$6

Anyone merely endeavoring to keep abreast of the news is aware of the extraordinary complexity of international affairs involving the United States and finds it virtually impossible to keep them in perspective. Thus, the achievement of Richard P. Stebbins in his tenth annual survey of these events must command the attention of thoughtful citizens and their gratitude for his judicious and concise account.

The year 1959 was most exciting for the United States in the realm of world affairs. So many dramatic happenings took place that it is difficult even to list the most significant. Among the highlights one must note the following: the death of a devoted American, John Foster Dulles; the visits of Mikoyan and Khrushchev and the resultant short-lived "spirit of Camp David"; the successful launching of the three Soviet cosmic rockets (Lunik I became the "first artificial planet" when it went into permanent orbit around the sun; Lunik II established the first moon contact; Lunik III produced a purported photograph of the hidden side of the moon); President Eisenhower's visits to Europe, Asia and Africa; the threat to this country raised by Castro's successful revolution in Cuba; the inauguration of General de Gaulle as first President of the Fifth French Republic. Other major events were the burgeoning of Africa with its marked acceleration of the independence movement; the conclusion of a 12-nation treaty pledged to preserve Antarctica for peaceful purposes; and the growing regional pressures exerted by Communist China.

Reviewers' Scorecard

HISTORIAN EDGAR ALEXANDER is author of *Adenauer and the New Germany* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 1957).

PETER L. DANNER, on the economics faculty at St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, is also a member of the college's Family Life Commission.

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Further arresting the attention of the American people during the past year were the ominous economic advances made by the Soviet Union. The Russian industrial rate of growth was more than double that of the United States, and it was sobering to realize that the Red leaders could claim that they could devote a much greater share of their current production to public purposes than this country could.

Another development to attract much interest was the so-called "population explosion." The American public learned that the world's current population is 2.89 billion, a figure which the experts forecast would be doubled by the century's end. The implications of these figures (current and future) touched off a lively discussion in which prophets of gloom and doom uttered their timeworn warnings and offered their customary advice in tones that often verged on the hysterical.

Finally, 1959 saw the admission of Alaska and Hawaii to statehood, the end of the third postwar recession and a crippling steel strike.

THOMAS H. D. MAHONEY

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FILMS

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN (MGM), in color and CinemaScope, is a handsome, affectionate, generally faithful screen adaptation of Mark Twain's juvenile classic with Eddie Hodges as an appealing but too young Huck. Boxer Archie Moore plays the part of Jim, the runaway slave, in a surprisingly effective and moving performance; Tony Randall and Mickey Shaughnessy are the colorful but inept swindlers known as the King and the Duke; there are a number of other fine actors, such as Finlay Currie, Buster Keaton, Patty McCormick and Neville Brand, in lesser roles.

Despite the care and skill that went into its making, the picture is something of a disappointment. It moves sluggishly and really comes to life only sporadically. Even so, it is a good bet for vacationing youngsters. Adults who have not read the book lately may be fascinated to discover that Huck is a more resourceful and versatile young rogue than they remembered him to be and that the story is consequently not altogether edifying. [L of D: A-I]

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER. *American International Pictures* is a comparatively new film company whose chief claim to fame up to now is that it made *I Was a Teen-age Werewolf*, *Dragstrip Riot*, *Bucket of Blood* and a sizable number of other socially irresponsible and esthetically abominable movies aimed directly and exclusively at the teen-age market. It should be added that this operation, begun on a shoestring, prospered greatly. Having attained financial solvency, the company is now out after respectability. This richly mounted, color adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's classic

A SCIENTIFIC JARGON is related to good English as a provincial Chinese dialect is related to Mandarin. However useful a dialect may have been to those who spoke it, nothing that was said or done in the dialect entered into Chinese culture or history. It was only when it was translated into Mandarin that it took on value and significance. Similarly, it is only when a psychologist or a sociologist states his case in good English that his opinions can be taken seriously or that his views become significant.

From the current issue of *NATIONAL REVIEW*. Write to Dept. A-5, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y., for free copy.

psychological horror tale should go a long way toward obtaining it for them.

Though the record of past performance causes one to approach the film with some misgivings, it turns out to be both good Poe and exceedingly good cinema for anyone who is not constitutionally opposed to horror stories. Roger Corman, who was in charge of some of the company's less enlightened early efforts, produced and directed the film with a taste and skill he has hitherto been hiding under a bushel. Vincent Price, who has been wasted in more than his share of bargain-basement "shockers," gets a chance to act again as the last of the Ushers. [L of D: A-II]

THE LOST WORLD (20th Century-Fox). Movies about prehistoric monsters which turn up alive in some out-of-the-way corner of the contemporary world are obviously not intended to be taken altogether seriously. It would be a help, though, if producers of such films would make up their minds how far into their cheeks their tongues have gone and then keep them in that position.

The Lost World, which is derived partly at least from a novel of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's non-Sherlock Holmes period, lacks unity of mood. Its special-effects photography, in color and CinemaScope, of a terrifying assortment of dinosaurs and other throwbacks to the Jurassic Age is first-rate. However, the situations involving its human performers (Claude Rains, Michael Rennie, David Hedison, et al.) are too gruesome to be funny yet too inept to be gruesome, especially those concerning a modishly clad female explorer (Jill St. John) and a modishly half-clad native girl (Vitina Marcus). [L of D: A-I]

FROM THE TERRACE (20th Century-Fox). I am not an admirer of John O'Hara's novels, but you can say this about them: in a limited sense they are a deadly accurate reflection of the author's generation that came to maturity in the roaring 'twenties. You can't even say this, however, about either of the movies so far made from his books, for the simple reason that the period has been changed.

The hero (Paul Newman) of *From the Terrace* comes back from World War II to pursue a post-World War I concept of business success, gets himself married to a post-World War I-type of promiscuous wife (Joanne Woodward) and finally throws aside both business success and wife for a young woman (Ina Balin) of supposed in-

America • AUGUST 6, 1960

tegrity and charm, whom the movie insists on treating and photographing as though she were Rima, the Bird Girl. As a result, without going into its mixed-up moral values, the film seems naive, overstated and thoroughly unbelievable. [L of D: B]

MOIRA WALSH

SCIENCE

Oceanography

Kiddies in Martian classrooms probably call our earth "the watery planet." Seen from space, the most obvious characteristic of our globe is the shimmering puddle of water that blankets 71 per cent of its surface.

For most of us landlubbers, the all-embracing sea is no more than a vague continuity that we familiarly refer to as "the Big Drink." There it rolls in offshore anonymity—300 million cubic miles of saline solution, 1.5 billion billion tons of unpalatable water. Of course, it has its own mountains, chasms, plains. Naturally, it possesses its peculiar flora and fauna. So what? Why bother about the seas, except to thank God for their beauty and exploit them as cheap highways for commerce?

Popular disinterest in the vast bulk of the oceans is perhaps a reflection of our official neglect of the scientific, economic and military aspects of oceanic research. Although the United States has always been a maritime nation and is generally regarded as the leader in oceanography, it must be acknowledged that our past efforts in advancing this science have been undermanned and marginally equipped, inadequately funded and fragmentarily programed. Today, fortunately, Government circles are beginning to awaken to the urgency of something very like a crash program in ocean sciences during the next decade.

There are sound reasons for accelerating maritime research during the years that lie ahead.

- From the scientific point of view, the oceans are of prime importance in the growth of the earth sciences. The seas hide vital clues to the origins of the continents, life and climate. Yet the seas are an essentially unknown environment. Our knowledge of their surface is meager; exploration of the seas in depth has not gone beyond the

sampling stage; mapping of the sea bottom is in its primitive period—it has advanced no further than mapping the land in the early 17th century. Our detailed lore on the physical and chemical properties of the oceans is fragmentary in the extreme.

- The economic potential of the seas is, of course, incalculably great. Every schoolboy may be aware that each cubic mile of sea water contains 93 million dollars worth of gold and 300,000 tons of bromine. Even so, we possess no inventory of the mineral wealth that is buried in the oceans and their sediments, and, except for oil and sulphur and magnesium, the technology of oceanic mineral recovery is almost nonexistent. Yet the sea may be the greatest source of raw materials, once the land deposits are exhausted.

Moreover, as world population heads toward a 6.5 billion total for the year 2000, the sea may become our most essential source of proteins. Yet no true census of maritime plant and animal life exists. For all the expansion of the fishing industry, exploitation of the bio-



logical potential of the oceans depends on catch-as-catch-can methods that belong to primitive hunting societies rather than technological economies.

- Just as in the race into space, the most compelling stimulus for oceanography comes from the Soviet threat to our security. By 1970 our gravest peril may lie, not in orbiting missiles or landbound rocket pads, but in a vast Soviet submarine fleet that lurks in the ocean depths, endlessly mobile and virtually undetectable. Our recent Polaris launchings are an ominous portent of the future, if the whole ocean, from surface to bottom, becomes a theater of naval operations. We cannot meet the peril from the waters until we know

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that strange "terrain" as well as we know the topography of the land and can check every movement within it as certainly as radar keeps a watch on the skies.

Ten years ago, Soviet oceanography was provincial. Today the Russian effort substantially exceeds our own. Unless the Federal Government expands oceanic research fourfold in the next decade, we will soon be wallowing in the wake of Russian sea science. The allotment of merely one billion dollars during the next ten years can prevent this catastrophe and contribute immeasurably to security, science and economics.

L. C. McHUGH

THE WORD

Receive, Holy Trinity, this offering which we make to You in remembrance of the passion, resurrection and ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in honor of the blessed Virgin Mary . . . (Prayer of offering after the Lavabo of the Mass).

Returning to the center of the altar after the ritual washing of his fingers, the celebrant of the Mass bows low over the altar table and recites a prayer which merits our attention. It is a prayer of offering, of remembrance, of intercessory petition.

The stress here rests not on God's acceptance of our gifts, though that is what is asked, but on one of the motives for the offering which we make. According to St. Luke's account of the institution of the Eucharist, our Saviour, after He had said, *This is My body, which is to be given for you*, immediately added, *do this for a commemoration of Me*. The Pauline version, in *First Corinthians*, is even more emphatic: *Take, eat; this is My body, which is to be given for you. Do this for a commemoration of Me. And so with the cup, when supper was ended, This cup, He said, is the new testament, in My blood. Do this, whenever you drink it, for a commemoration of Me. So it is the Lord's death that you are heralding, whenever you eat this bread and drink this cup, until He comes. . . .*

A prime reason, therefore, for the celebration and reception of the Eucharist is remembrance: that in and through this exalted sacrifice we may not for an instant forget but always most vividly remember the Lord Christ. And what we are to remember, above

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all else about Him, is *the Lord's death*. But Paul himself never separates the death of Christ from the victory of Christ, for these are but twin phases of the same supreme event. So, in this prayer of the Mass we renew our offering in remembrance of the passion, resurrection and ascension of *Our Lord Jesus Christ*. The Ascension is, of course, the completion of the Resurrection as the Resurrection is the completion of our Saviour's death. St. Paul's expression is succinct: *So it is the Lord's death that you are heralding—proclaiming, publishing, crying out—whenver you eat of this bread and drink this cup, until He comes.*

One might wonder how Christians could ever forget their Lord and all that He has done for them. We recall, in all reverence, Hamlet's agonized cry to his father's ghost:

Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory
holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember
thee?

And yet—well, fallen human nature is capable of incredible lapses as far as grateful remembrance is concerned. Indeed, we will never forget Christ as a living, present reality and Person—but thanks largely to the Holy Eucharist both as sacrament and sacrifice.

And in honor of the blessed Virgin Mary. . . . Again the liturgy speaks in the full consciousness of the communion of saints. The holy ones invoked here are, with the exception of the archangel Michael, the saints who were mentioned in the *Confiteor*, and even the order of naming them is the same. Our Lady stands first, as always, but let us notice in what liturgical esteem John the Baptist is held. Someday popular piety will rediscover heroic John; the liturgy never forgets him.

We ask the intercession of the saints that our sacrifice *may avail to their honor and our salvation*. In those few words we recognize a satisfactory exposition of the Roman Catholic practice, explicitly rejected by Protestantism, of invoking the saints. We really do not confuse even the holiest humanity with divinity. We address ourselves to God's favored friends simply and amply for their honor and our salvation. We are persuaded that they will *intercede for us in heaven, whose memory we celebrate on earth.*

The holy sacrifice of the Mass is not merely an elaborate memorial service. But it is, thank God, a most powerful and effective daily reminder of holy realities which we must never forget.

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AE Adult Education	HS Home Study
A Architecture	ILL Institute of
C Commerce	Languages and
D Dentistry	Linguistics
DH Dental Hygiene	IR Industrial
Ed Education	Relations
E Engineering	J Journalism
FS Foreign Service	L Law

MT Medical Technology	SF Sister Formation
M Medicine	Sy Seismology
Mu Music	Station
N Nursing	Sp Speech
P Pharmacy	T Theatre
PT Physical Therapy	AROTC Army
RT Radio, TV	NROTC Navy
S Social Work	AFOTC Air Force
Sc Science	

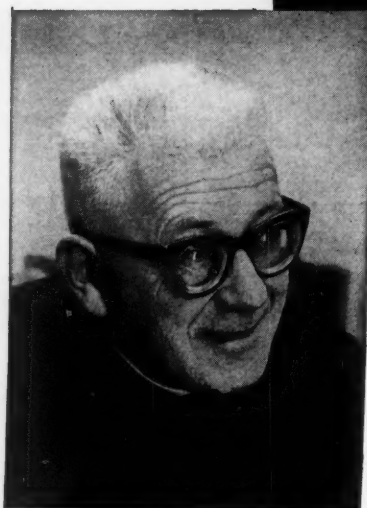
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Among Our Corresponding Editors . . .



from Rome:

PHILIP S. LAND, S.J.



from San Francisco:

RICHARD E. MULCAHY, S.J.

These two men, both seasoned corresponding editors of *AMERICA*, are Jesuits from the West Coast. Fr. Land, who attended Bellarmine High School in Tacoma, Wash.,

and later taught at the same school, is an economist. He was formally attached to the staff of *AMERICA*, some years ago, but was chosen in 1955 to serve as professor of economics in the Department of Social Sciences at the Gregorian University in Rome, where he directs the graduate studies of seminarians from all over the world. His hobby is early Renaissance art. Fr. Mulcahy is a San Franciscan, and likewise an economist. He presently holds the position of dean of the College of Business Administration at the University of San Francisco. A contributor to *AMERICA* for many years, he also writes for the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, *Social Order* and other journals. Fr. Mulcahy is the author of *The Economics of Heinrich Pesch* (Holt), *Readings in Economics* (Newman), and *Readings in Economics*, from "Fortune" (Holt), the last of which is used as a text in more than a hundred colleges.